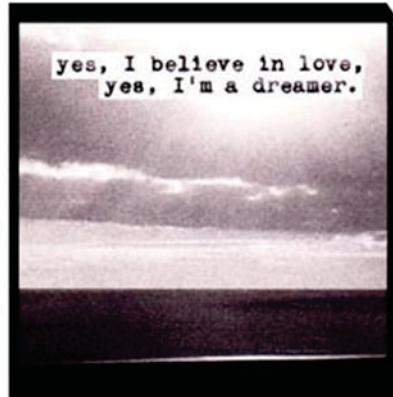


EXHIBIT B

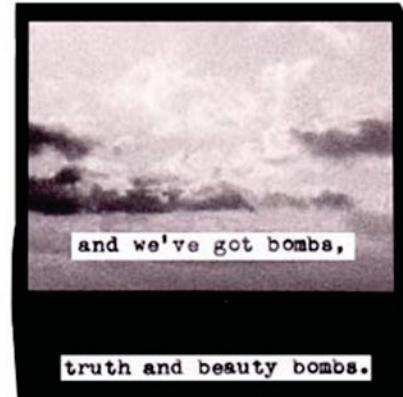
Let me start this by saying: if things don't work between us, if they can't work--and if they leave us feeling worse than if we hadn't tried--it doesn't matter why we don't work, that's on me. You warned me before we tried for the third time; and you warned me before the fourth. I ran into this with my eyes wide open and pulled you with me into this blaze of emotion. I didn't heed your worries. If we fail, I'm sorry I dragged you into this. I don't and won't blame you. I do and always will respect you.



I had been suffocating in the concrete jungle. I loved my job, and my life was perfect; I worked my 9-5 job with coworkers I liked and respected, and came home to my nice apartment. I had a string of promotions in my future and decades of job security. But my friends were hollow. No one else cared, deeply cared, about anything. My colleagues came to work each day to play some games and increase a number in their bank account because what the fuck else were they going to do with their lives?



e home and j comeau



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I threw myself into Alameda, and it absorbed me. I gave it all of myself in a way I'd never given before. I spent so many nights at the office, 36 hours since I'd last slept. My eyes would hurt, begging to close. My heart made it clear it could only beat so quickly, and a slight buzzing in my head reminded me that I'd missed my last dose of trazedone. But I'd want, so despeartely, to stay awake longer--to see the next hour of markets unfold. I felt like a new parent worried that he'd miss his baby's first words if he went to sleep.

I'm sorry. I'm making this document about me. But it should be about you.

There are a lot of times that my work at Alameda has prevented me from being there for you. I'm really sorry about that. I know how much it hurts you and how alone it makes you feel.

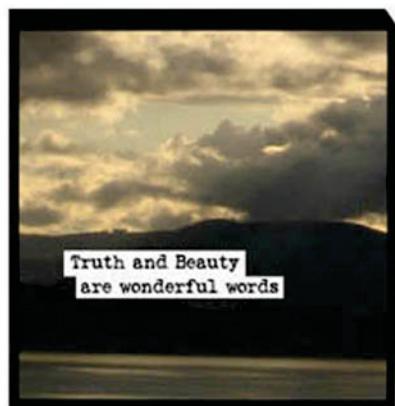
And I haven't made it easy on you. I've been terrible at planning and that's made it even ahrder for you to feel comfortable with the demands Alameda places on my time.

I'm really sorry about the times I took your pain and made it about my feelings caused by it.

And I'm really, really sorry about all the times I was overly optimistic about what I could and would do.

I hate the pain I've caused you. And I hate myself for causing it. I really wish I could have known how to love you better. I'm sorry.

I really wish we could have frozen time when things were happy.



e horne and j comeau

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[REDACTED]

And if I can be good for you, if I can help you--I really want to. [REDACTED]

And if we can be together--I'd like that more than almost anything. I really, really love you.

But a lot of me worries that I'm the cause of your depression. That the difference between who you hope I could be and who I've actually been is causinig you to feel constantly hurt and dissapointed and abandoned. And I don't think I'm worth being miserable for.

I guess--if you feel like all of the shit you're going through right now is just something that happens, and if you want me to be there with you while it happens--I'd be really fucking excited for that. You are an incredibly important part of my life, and I so badly want to keep that; to keep you in my life.

But if I'm the one who's breaking you, then maybe you should move on from me.

No matter what happens: I love you, and I want you to be happy, and I don't and won't blame you; that rests entirely with me.

Sam